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Children's first reader /

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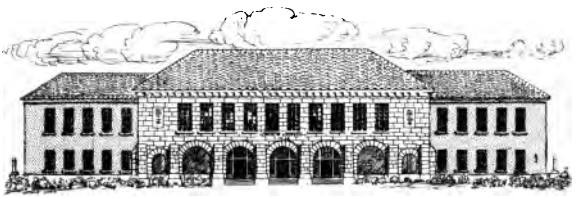

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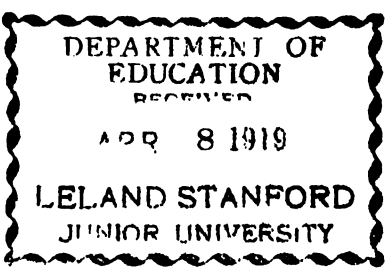

THE CHILDREN'S

FIRST READER

COMPILED BY THE STATE TEXT-BOOK COMMITTEE

AND

APPROVED BY THE STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION

SACRAMENTO

W. W. SHANNON, SUPERINTENDENT STATE PRINTING

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TO THE TEACHERS.

"We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb."

If the course of study in many cities be examined, it will be found that the program in reading for the first year of school is the first half of such books as are provided.

What is the significance of this? That the larger share of the first-year books are too difficult to be completed by the class, and therefore a part of the book is left unread.

The first half of the book can be mastered, but the children are overwhelmed by the flood of words which are introduced in the second half, and must sink back to the uninteresting beginning of another book where, when they have once more reached a point where reading seems to hold some pleasure and profit, they are again defeated by the too numerous words, and must begin the routine anew.

What are the consequences of scaling these different ladders, only to be cast back again to the foot when a prospect begins to dawn upon the view, and the toilsome rounds of the ladder cease to fill the eye and mind? Lack of interest and expression, loss of time. A child at the end of four or five months' work has gained in mental power. He is able to learn new words more readily, he can grasp the meaning of a sentence with less effort, and he is certainly able to go on as rapidly as when he first began to read.

This is realized by those who write the first readers; but they lose sight of the other fact that he is still but a beginner, and must retain what he has learned as well as acquire the new words, and so the vocabulary is introduced too rapidly for the struggling brain.

Primary teachers have not had proper tools. Like the Israelites of old they have been forced to make bricks without straw, and it is due to the supplementary work upon blackboard and paper that the work in reading has had its success.

The aim has been to make the simple stories such as will interest the children and help them to acquire a love of each other and of Nature, and to catch some glimpse of God's love, which underlies it all. This is believed to be the true preparation for scientific and natural history work which can be introduced very early.

Children do appreciate much that is beyond them; and, with this in mind, it is suggested that from time to time some poem be read to the class, hoping that the simple little story preceding it may have led them into the spirit to receive it.

THE

CHILDREN'S FIRST READER.

Săt′ ŭr dā*y* brī*gh*t yē*a*rş

Good morning, little Elsie!

Where are you going this bright morning?

Good morning, grandpa! I am going to see Grace.

Why aren't you going to school?
Why, grandpa! It is Saturday.
We have no school on Saturday.
Didn't you know that?
Grace and I are going to play house.
Have you seen my new doll?
No, I don't think I have.
Did mamma give you that doll?
Yes, she gave it to me
on my birthday.
You know that I am six years old
now.
Where is your dolly's cap?
She hasn't any cap, grandpa.
Your poor doll will take cold.
Ask grandma to make one for her.
I know that she will.

căr′ rĭa*g*e	dŭst′ păn	fa*ll*
blō*w*	pīp*e*	bŭb′ ble*s*

See my doll's funny carriage.
I am at grandpa's house.

He hasn't any little girls now.
Mamma was his little girl.
I brought my dolls with me.
I couldn't bring my doll carriage.
Mamma said it was too big.
Grandma looked for a carriage for me.
She said that the dustpan would do.
I think it is a funny carriage.
Don't fall off, my little dolls!
You couldn't fall very far.
We are going to see Grace.
See! she is looking for me.
We are going to blow bubbles.
Do you see my pipe?
I put it on the dustpan.
We shall have a good time.
Grace has a pipe too.
I like to blow bubbles.
They are so pretty.

căr′ rĭed
plāy′ māte
vī′ o̊ lĕts grōw
plănt mōre

Mamma took us to the woods last Sat-*urday.*

We carried our lunch in a big basket.
We had a long ride in the horse-cars.
Then we came to such a pretty wood.
Annie couldn't come with us.
She is sick.
She can't go anywhere now.
Annie is my playmate.
We found some pretty violets.
There were some other flowers too.
I liked the violets best.
I found such a pretty violet plant.
It had eight violets on it.
I said that I wished Annie could see it.
"So she shall," said mamma.
"You may take it home to her."
Mamma had a knife in the basket.
She took the plant up with the knife.
I carried it home to Annie.
She was so glad to have it.

bŏb′ o̊ lĭn̲k

bu͟ĭld

gōld′ *e*n-rŏd

grȧss′ ĕs̲

rīç*e*

wīf*e*

mĕ*a*d′ o̊w*s̲*

hăn*d*′ sȯm*e*

to͞o

I am a bobolink.

I build my nest in the meadows.

See my handsome coat.
It is black and white.
Do you see my little wife?
Her dress is brown.
I love the daisies and grasses.
I swing on the golden-rod and bushes.
I am so happy and gay.
In the winter I go south.
I fly to the rice fields.
I eat all the rice that I can.
They call me the ricebird.
They do not like me very well.
I think the rice grows for me.
I catch bugs and flies and worms.
I think I should have some rice too.
Bobolink, bobolink! This is
my song.
Look for me in the meadows.

Read Bryant's "Robert of Lincoln" to the class.

dŏn̲′ ke𝑦̆ thĭs′ *tle*s̲ grew (ü) căt′-tā*i*l̲s̲
stōne̲s̲ *à* crŏss′ brŏŏk

We have been to the woods.
Do you see all our flowers?
How do you like our donkey?
His name is Ned.
Ned has some flowers.

See how pretty he looks.
He is a funny old donkey.
He likes to eat thistles.
We found such a pretty brook.
The cat-tails grew near it.
There were some little fishes in it.
We went across it on the stones.
We had our lunch near the brook.
We played hide and seek
in the woods.
Such fun as we had!
Our donkey had his lunch in the field.
He had all the thistles and grass he
could eat.
Frank made a swing for us.
He put it on a big nut tree.
We are going for nuts when they
are ripe.
Wouldn't you like to be with us?

bēeş hīveş hȯn′ eў găth′ ẽr

stĭng wạtch

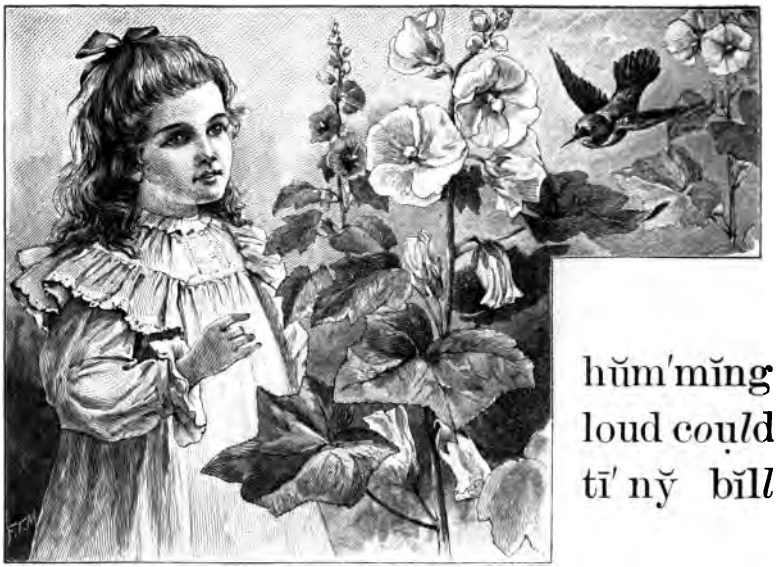
Do look at these bees!
See them fly to their hives.
They gather honey from the flowers.
They put it into their hives.
Minnie likes to watch the bees.
She likes to see them gather honey.
They do not sting her.
She likes to help them.
Minnie picks a sweet flower.
She takes it to a bee.

The bee flies to her flower.
It does not sting her.
Minnie watches the bee gather honey.
She wishes to see how it does it.
These are honey bees.

---

dŭst pŏl′ lĕn wăx yĕl′ lo̱w

A bee comes from an egg.
At first it is a little worm.
The bees feed it with pollen.
They gather pollen from the flowers.
Pollen looks like yellow dust.
The worm is fed for five days.
Then it seems to go to sleep.
The bees cover it with wax.
By and by it wakes.
It comes out of its wax bed.
It is a little baby bee.



hŭm′mĭng
loud could
tī′ nў bĭll

Marion was playing in the garden one day.
She heard a loud humming.
It was too loud for a bee.
It was a little humming-bird.
Marion stood still to watch it.
How beautiful its feathers were!
How fast its little wings went!
It had a very long bill.

It could reach deep into the flowers.
The humming-bird eats honey.
It gets it from the flowers.
It is a very tiny bird.
It has a little nest of moss.
The nest holds two little eggs.
How tiny the baby birds must be!
Marion watched for the humming-bird
every day.
One day she took one
of her doll's cups.
She put some sugar and water into it.
Then she put it in the garden.
The humming-bird flew
to the little cup.
It put its long bill into the cup.
How happy Marion was!
She had some sugar for it every day.

grā*y* chē*e*ks hȧrd

ȧsk ȧ mȯng′

I am a gray squirrel.
My name is Bunny.
I live in the oak tree.
I run among the trees all summer.
I work hard in the fall.

My oak tree is near a barn.
There is a kind horse in that barn.
He has corn to eat every day.
He lets me have some of his corn.
I fill my cheeks with it.
Then I take it to my nest.
I gather nuts for the winter.
I take out the meats and put them away.
I sleep in the oak tree in the winter.
Sometimes there comes a warm day.
Then I wake from my sleep.
I eat some of my nuts.
I run out into the sunshine.
Then I go back to sleep again.
Some day you may find my nest.
Please do not take my nuts.
I shall want those nuts in the winter.

Read Emerson's "The Mountain and the Squirrel."

Mā′ bĕl
fĕnçe
mĕlt′ ĕd
ȯth′ ẽr
gŏne

Mabel loves little birds.
The other day she went out to play in the snow.
"I will make some little birds of the snow," said she.
So she made five little birds of the snow.
She put them on the fence.
By and by she went into the house.
When she came out again, the birds were gone.
The hot sun had melted them.
Mabel was sorry not to find her birds.
Fred came out to play with her.
"Fred, my little snow birds are gone," she said.
"Look over in the field!" said Fred.
"There are five little snow birds."

Read Hawthorne's "Snow Image."

bĕr′ rĭeş mī*gh*t bụsh′ ĕş frī*gh*t′ *e*n fĭl*l*

Why, Grace, did mamma say
you might come?
Yes, she did. I want to pick berries
for her.

How did you find us?
Rover showed me the way.
Where is he now?
He ran into the woods.
He saw a little rabbit there.
Oh, dear! He will frighten it.
Why didn't you call him away?
I did call, but he wouldn't come.
You have many berries in your pails.
Yes, we found some big bushes.
Kate found a dear little nest in one.
There are five little eggs in it.
Come, and we will show it to you.
We do not pick berries from that bush.
We might frighten the mother bird.
Pick your berries now, Grace.
We are going home soon.
I must fill my cup for mamma.
She shall have all my berries.

wa̤ll bū′ reau (.ō) sug′ a̲r (sh) cāġe

A little mouse lived in our walls.
Every night he came out to play.
He would come into Fannie's room.
He liked to play on her bureau.
Fannie put sugar there for him.
She used to hide the sugar.
The little mouse could find it.
One day mamma saw him.
She said the kitty must catch him.
Fannie was very sorry.
She didn't wish the kitty to have him.
She told papa about him.
He got a pretty little trap.
It was like a cage.
The little mouse could live in it.
Fannie put the trap on the bureau.
She put some sugar in it.
The little mouse ran into it.
Fannie had him for a pet.

prĕs′ ẹnts dŏc′ tọr hŏs′ pĭ tạl clōthẹs

Such a happy Christmas as Elsie had!
She had some pretty presents.
Three big dolls were given to her.
"Well, Elsie," said papa, "what will you do with three dolls?"

"I shall play with them," said Elsie.
"Three dolls are not too many.
Shouldn't you like three little girls,
papa?"
Papa couldn't say "No" to that.
Elsie's papa was a doctor.
He went to the hospital every day.
One day Elsie went to the hospital
with him.
She saw two little girls there.
They had to stay in bed all the time.
Elsie was very sorry for them.
When she went home, she took
her dolls.
She put the prettiest clothes on two
of them.
Then she took them to papa.
"May I give my dolls
to the little girls?" she said.

"Yes, you may," said papa.
Elsie took the dolls to the little girls.
See how happy they are.
Elsie was very happy too.

bė fōr*e*′ păck′ ăġ*e* blŏs′ sòmş
môrn′ ĭng-glō′ rĭeş pē*e*p sē*e*dş

Helen is a dear little girl.
She likes to make others happy.
A poor old lady lives near her.

Helen goes to see her.
She says, "Good morning, Mrs. Gray.
Are you pretty well this morning?"
Poor Mrs. Gray smiles at her.
"Not very well," she says.
"But I am glad to see you."
One day Mrs. Gray gave a package
to Helen.
It was a little package of seeds.
"Plant them under your window,"
she said.
"Before long the blossoms will come.
They will peep in at you.
I cannot come to say
'Good morning' to you.
The blossoms will say it for me."
Helen was pleased with the seeds.
She planted them under the window.
They grew very fast.

Very soon the blossoms came.
They were morning-glories.
Helen picked some for Mrs. Gray.
"I say 'Good morning' only once,"
she said.
"Your morning-glories say it
many times."

---

crŭm*b*s̱ lī*gh*t lẽ*a*rn*e*d nē*a*r

Helen wished the birds
"Good morning" too.
They s̱ang to her as soon as
the sun rose.
She would get a basket of crumbs.
She took the crumbs to the window.
"Here, little birdies!" she said.
"See what I have for you!"
Then the birds flew to the window.

Helen threw the crumbs
for them to eat.
"Here is some breakfast for you,
little birds."
The birds learned to know Helen.
They would fly very near her.
Some little birds do not go south.
Helen used to feed them all winter.
She learned the names of the birds.
"Good morning, robin!" she would say.
"And here is a catbird.
You make your nests up high.
I wish to see your eggs, robin.
They are very pretty blue eggs.
The bobolink makes his nest
in the field.
I can look into his nest.
I go into the fields to see him.
He never comes to see me."

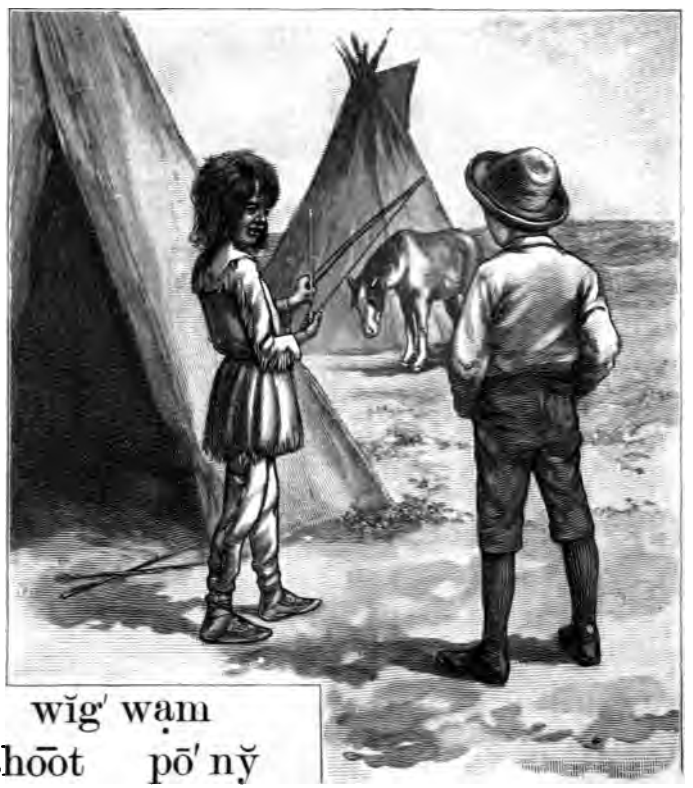
hăng′ ĭng bōard

Wĕst Ĭn′ dĭ a̲n păp pōōse′ squa̲w

Harry's father lived in the far West.

One day he took Harry to see
some Indians.
One Indian woman had a baby.
An Indian woman is called a squaw.
An Indian baby is called a pappoose.
The pappoose was on a board.
It was hanging on a tree.
It looked at Harry with its bright eyes.
"How pretty it is!" said Harry.
The squaw let Harry hold it.
"My little pappoose," she said.
"I wish mamma could see it,"
said Harry.
"May I take it home to her?"
"No! no! my little pappoose,"
said the squaw.
Harry gave it to her.
She put it back on the tree.
What a funny place for a baby!

The wind can rock it.
The birds can sing to it.
Do you think your baby sister
would like it?



wĭg′ wạm
shōōt pō′ nў
bō*w* ăr′ rō*w*ş mär′ bleş skĭnş

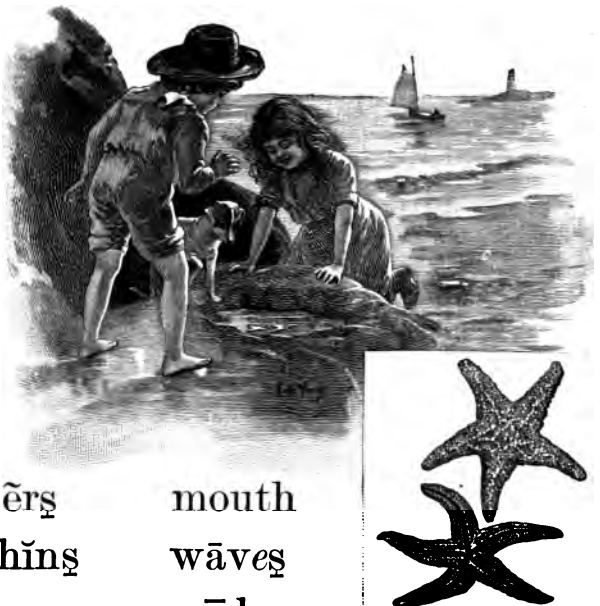
Harry saw an Indian boy.
He was taking care of a pony.
Harry began to talk with him.
They couldn't talk very well.
The Indian showed Harry his wigwam.
A wigwam is an Indian's house.
It is made of skins.
The boy let Harry go
into the wigwam.
He gave him a bow and arrows.
Indians can shoot very well.
He showed Harry how to shoot
an arrow.
Harry gave him some pretty marbles.
He showed him how to play
with them.
The Indian put a marble on the tree.
He could shoot it off with his arrow.

Read "Hiawatha's Sailing" to the class.

rō*w* lāk*e* lē*a*ve$ lȯve′ lў rē*a*ch

Jack and Kitty live near the lake.

Jack has a pretty new rowboat.
He can row very well.
He took mamma, Alice, and Kitty
for a row.
They had such a pretty ride on the lake.
"Should you like some lilies?"
said Jack.
"Oh, yes! we should," they said.
Jack rowed them to where the lilies
were.
"You lovely white lilies!" said Alice.
"I must take you home with me."
She picked all she could reach.
Kitty had her lap full of them.
"How sweet they are!" she said.
"The leaves are pretty."
"They are lily pads," said Alice.
"Look at that lily pad."
There sat a tiny green frog.



fēel′ ẽrs̱ mouth
ûr′ chĭns̱ wāves̱
rŏcks pōōl

sēa′ mŏss ĕs̱ fĭsh′ ẽr mạn wād′ ĕd

Down in a little pool lived some star-fish.
The pool was in a large rock.
The long sea mosses grew in it.
The pretty sea urchins lived there.
They looked like thistle buds.

Two little children played on the rocks.
Their father was a fisherman.
Their home was an old brown house.
They ran from the little waves.
They waded in the water.
They liked to look
into this pretty pool.
One day they saw a pretty starfish.
The starfish had five arms.
These arms would move.
There were little feelers on them.
These feelers helped it to move about.
The mouth was in the middle
of the starfish.
See the starfish in the picture.
The lower one shows the feelers and
the mouth.
The upper one shows the back
of the starfish.

yĕl′ lo͝w ĕlm wēave sŏft
sĭlk cō′ zў

I am making a nest in the pretty elm tree.
Such a soft, cozy nest it is going to be.

I am looking for something to weave
into it.
Of this bright, yellow silk I must have
just a bit.
My nest is to hang, with the breezes
to swing.
I shall sit on the elm tree and gayly
I'll sing.
Mother bird and the little ones sweetly
shall sleep,
While I, o'er my dear ones,
a close watch will keep.
Just watch for my nest, as you pass
the elm tree.
The soft, yellow silk you surely
will see.
Then you'll know it is mine, though
you may not see me.

Jĕs′ sĭe pĭn̲k găn′ dẽr ca̤*ught*
stĭck yärd throṳ*gh*

Little Jessie had a new pink dress.
She and Harry were out at play.
An old gander was walking
by the yard.

He saw the pink dress
through the fence.
The old gander wanted
that pink dress.
He put his head through the fence.
He caught the dress in his big bill.
Poor little Jessie was afraid.
"Oh, Harry, come!" she said.
"There is a big bird here.
He wants my new dress."
Harry got a big stick.
He said: "Let go, you bad bird!
You cannot have Jessie's dress."
The old gander let go of the dress.
He ran away from the yard.

"Goosey, goosey, gander!
Where do you wander?
Upstairs, downstairs,
In my lady's chamber."

bē*a*ch	bāth′ ĭng	sănd	pīeş
ăn ȯth′ ẽr	bûrn	hŏt	sā*i*l

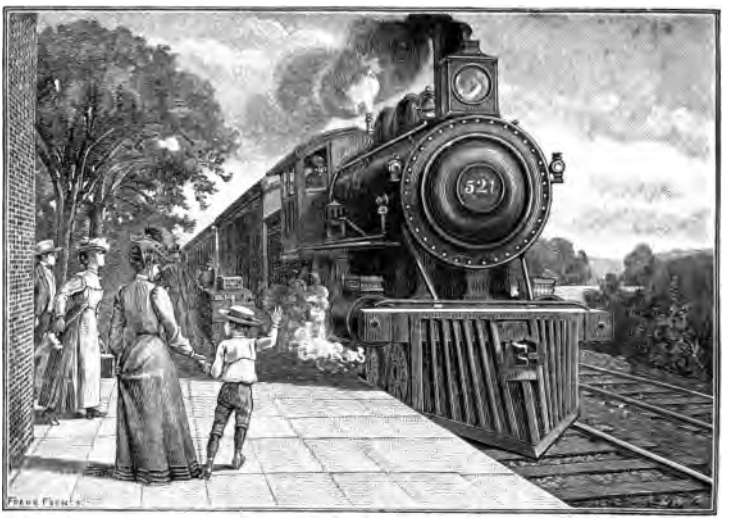
Alice and Fannie are at the beach.
They are having a very good time.
They have been bathing in the sea.
Now they are playing with the sand.
Fannie has just been for some water.

ıe got it in her pail.
lice has made two sand pies.
ɔw she is making another.
ıt on your hat, Alice.
ıe hot sun will burn your face.
will not hurt me.
play in the sun all the time.
'e shall go by and by for a sail.
'e shall go to the lighthouse.
ıpa has a big sailboat.
'e have some pretty sea mosses.
'e have a box of seashells.
ınnie has a sea urchin.
have a little starfish.
'e are going to take them
to the hospital.
ıme little children are there.
ɔn't you think they will like to see
them?

măt′ tẽr	swĭm′ mĭng	scrăt*ch*ed
drown	hăt*ch*ed	wĕb fēet

James put a duck's egg
into the hen's nest.

A little duck hatched out
with the chickens.
How funny the little duck looked!
The chickens ran about and scratched
for worms.
The little duck could not scratch
as well.
He had web feet.
They were made for swimming.
He wanted some water to swim in.
One day Hattie found him.
She took him up in her hands.
"What is the matter, little duck?"
"Peep, peep!" said the little duck.
"Do you wish to swim?" said Hattie.
"Peep, peep! Yes, I do!"
"You shall have some water."
Hattie ran into the house.
She got some water in a pan.



cär trŭn̲ks ĕn′ g̈ĭne
cạlled sē*a*′ shō*re*

Here come the cars.
Charlie and mamma are going to ride in them.
They are going to the seashore.
Charlie is very glad.
He likes to ride in the cars.
Look at the big engine.
How fast it comes!

arlie is afraid it will not stop.
)h, yes, it will!" said mamma.
Vill they put on our trunk?" said Charlie.
Yes, there is a car for the trunks."
e engine stops, and they go on board.
w fast the cars go!
)h, mamma!" said Charlie, "this is such fun!"

SOMETHING TO ANSWER.

ere you ever in the cars?
here did you go?
)w long did you ride?
hat did you see?
hat is the car for the trunks called?
hat is the car for the people called?

To be read silently, and answered.

pär′ lo͝r	plāç′ ĕs̱	rĭv′ ẽr	jŭst
stŏp	thōs̱e	hănds̱	fĭrst

Here are Charlie and his mamma
in the cars.
What a pretty car this is!
It is a parlor car.
Charlie likes to look out of the window.

"How many pretty places there are!"
he says.
Now he sees a river.
"Mamma, see those little boys.
They have a boat.
Oh dear! we have gone by them.
I wish the cars would stop here.
I saw some pretty flowers.
There are some horses.
Just see how they run!
Are they afraid of the engine?
Look at those little children, mamma.
See them wave their hands to me."
"Did you wave to them, Charlie?"
"Oh, yes! I waved my hand first.
Will there be any children
at the seashore, mamma?"
"Yes, I think there will be some.
You shall play on the beach with them."

pŏp′ côrn kẽr′ nĕlṣ fĭl*l*ed dȧnçed
chā*i*nṣ flāk*e*s blŏs′ sȯm*e*d

How fast it was snowing!
The children watched the big flakes.
"They look like feathers!" said Jessie.
"They look like popcorn!" said Hal.
"Oh! oh! let's pop some corn!" said Elsie.
They ran to ask mamma.
"May we pop some corn, mamma?" they said.
"Yes, you may," said mamma.
The children danced for joy.
The yellow kernels danced too.

They popped out of their yellow coats.
They became white like snow.
The children filled a big pan
with the pretty kernels.
They made long chains of them.
"Open your mouth, Grace," said Elsie.
"Play you are a little chicken.
I will feed you."
By and by mamma came in.
She made them some popcorn balls.
"These are best of all!"
said the children.
Mamma always knows what is best.

Snowflakes and popcorn dance about;
The corn in the house, and the snow without.
The wind peeps in at the children gay,
Blow, wind, but you can't blow our flakes

coŭn′ trў wĭnd blōw
fīre lăn′ tērnṣ fâir′ ў shīne

Hal was out in the country.
One night he saw some lights
in the grass.
They looked like tiny stars.
He ran into the field to see them.
"I must have one!" he said.
The lights did not stand still.
They did not shine all the time.
"Where do you go?" said Hal.
"Does the wind blow you out?
I think you are fairy lanterns.

The fairies will not let me catch you.
I will go in and ask mamma
about you."
Then he ran into the house.
He asked his mamma to come
into the field.
"The field is full of tiny stars, mamma.
They do not shine all the time.
Please come and tell me about them."
"They are fireflies, Hal," said mamma.
"I will try to catch one for you."
She caught one and put it
on Hal's hand.
"Where are its wings?" said Hal.
"This is the mother firefly,"
said mamma.
"Its wings are very small.
It cannot fly very fast.
Watch the light come and go."

The pretty brook is very still now.
It does not sing to me.
Winter has put it to sleep.
The flowers are fast asleep.

By and by the spring will come.
Then the brook will awake.
It will sing its pretty song.
The flowers are under the snow.
The snow keeps the roots warm.
The spring sun will melt the snow.
Then the flowers will wake.
The violets like the brook.
They live very close to it.
I like the pretty brook.
If I were a flower, I would live
near the brook.
Why, you poor little birds!
What are you doing here?
You must be little snow-birds.
Do you wish the brook to wake?
Grandma put a cake in my pocket.
You shall have it, little birds.

Read Tennyson's "The Brook."

dew (ū) sŭn′ bēa*m*ş nȯth′ ĭng slīd*e*

rīp*e* to*o*ŭch fru̯i̯t

am a sunshine fairy.
My name is Ray.
My home is in the sun.
I slide down on the sunbeams.
The flowers awake when I touch them.
The tiny leaves spring out to meet me.
I wake the birds in the morning.
Their home is in the tree-tops.
They see me, and begin to sing.
I open the lilies on the lake.
I bring the lily buds up from the water.
The seeds send up their little plants
at my touch.
I kiss the fruit, and make it ripe
and sweet.
I drink the morning dew.
I carry water to the clouds.
Some days the rain fairies come.
When you do not see me

You need the rain fairies.
They water the pretty flowers.
Nothing could grow without them.
You must love them too.
You can all be sunshine fairies.
Be happy and good.
Then you will make sunshine
in your homes.

Rain fairies playing on my garden bed,
Each little floweret raises up its head;

Holds up its cup to catch the raindrops bright
Drinks in the freshness, and reaches
for the light.

Sun fairies smile and bring the blossoms gay
Now, little rain fairies, you must fly away.

Fly to your cloud home, far up in the sky:
Welcome, little sun fairies; rain fairies,
good-bye.

därk dŭll cȯl′ o͡rs̨ a̓ crŏss′
pȧth drŏps ĭn′ dĭ gō

Sometimes the rain fairies meet
the sun fairies.
What a happy time they have!
They are no longer dark and dull.
They shine and are bright with colors.
Some are red, some orange, and some
yellow.
Others are green, blue, indigo,
or violet.
They make a bright path
across the sky.
This path is called a rainbow.
It is made by the sun on the raindrops.
Each raindrop helps to make it.
The clouds alone are dull and dark.
The sunlight makes them bright and
beautiful.

bŭt′ ton căn′ dў tŏŏk
buȳ pĕn′ nў strēet

What do you think our baby did?
There is an old man who sells candy.
One day we took baby there.
We let her buy some candy.
She gave a penny to the old man.
He gave her some candy.
The other day we found her in the street.

She had on her little cap and coat.
She had her baby doll in one hand.
"Why, baby! where are you going?"
I said.
"Get candy!" said the baby.
"But why do you take the dolly?"
"Dolly want candy too."
"You can't get candy, dear;
You haven't any penny."
"Yes! yes! see my penny!"
What do you think she had?
It was a big button.
She was going to buy candy with it.
Wasn't she a funny baby?
Could she buy candy with a button?
I think the old man would have given
her some.
He is a very kind old man.

fôr′ tў ūşed bė̇ sīde′

"I wish Anna would learn to cook," said papa.

"Oh, please teach me, mamma," said Anna.

"Some time you may learn,"
said mamma.
"I haven't time to teach you now."
Anna went to see grandma.
"Grandma, will you teach me to cook?"
she said.
"Yes, dear," said grandma;
"You may cook something to-day."
"Oh, thank you!" said Anna.
"It will please papa to have me learn."
"His birthday comes very soon,"
said grandma.
"You shall make him a birthday cake.
I used to make them when he was
a little boy."
"Did you put candles on it, grandma?"
"I used to; but it would take forty now."
"Oh, dear," said Anna, "I couldn't get
forty candles."

Anna did her best to learn.
By and by the birthday came.
Anna made the birthday cake.
She took it home to papa.
She put it beside his plate.
"Well! what is this?" said papa.
"A birthday cake for you."
"Who made me a birthday cake?"
"I did," said Anna; "grandma told me how."
"What! you made this pretty cake!
What a dear little girl you are!
I haven't had a birthday cake for a long time."
"I wish I could put forty candles on it," said Anna.
"It is all right, my little girl," said papa.
"The cake is too small for so many.
I am very much pleased with it."

SOMETHING TO GUESS.

gĭll*s* brē*a*th*e* tăd′ pōl*e*

I swim in the water.
I am not a fish.
I have two web feet.
I am not a duck.
I sleep all winter in a hole.
I am not a squirrel.
I hop about in the grass.
I am not a rabbit.
I have a little song of my own.
I am not a bird.
At first I am a tadpole.
I swim and breathe as a fish does.
I have gills to breathe with.
By and by I have four little legs.
I lose my gills and tail.
I come out of the water.
I hop about in the fields.

fŏnd clō′ vĕr ä*u*nt cä*lf*
sĕc′ ond bŭt′ tĕr ŭn′ cl*e* crē*a*m

Edith was very fond of Molly.
Molly was Aunt Annie's cow.
She was a very kind cow.
She would let Edith pat her.

Edith picked some clover for her to eat.
She liked to see John milk her.
He carried the milk-pail into the house.
Then Edith drank the fresh milk.
She put some cream on her berries.
She put the sweet butter on her bread.
"Molly gives me so much!" she said.
Edith went to see Aunt Annie
a second summer.
She was glad to be in the country.
"How good Molly's milk is!" she said.
"Molly has something to show you,"
said Uncle Henry.
He took her out to the fields.
There was a pretty little calf.
"Oh, you dear little calf!" said Edith.
Edith gave the calf some clover.
It would eat from her hand.
The calf became very fond of Edith.

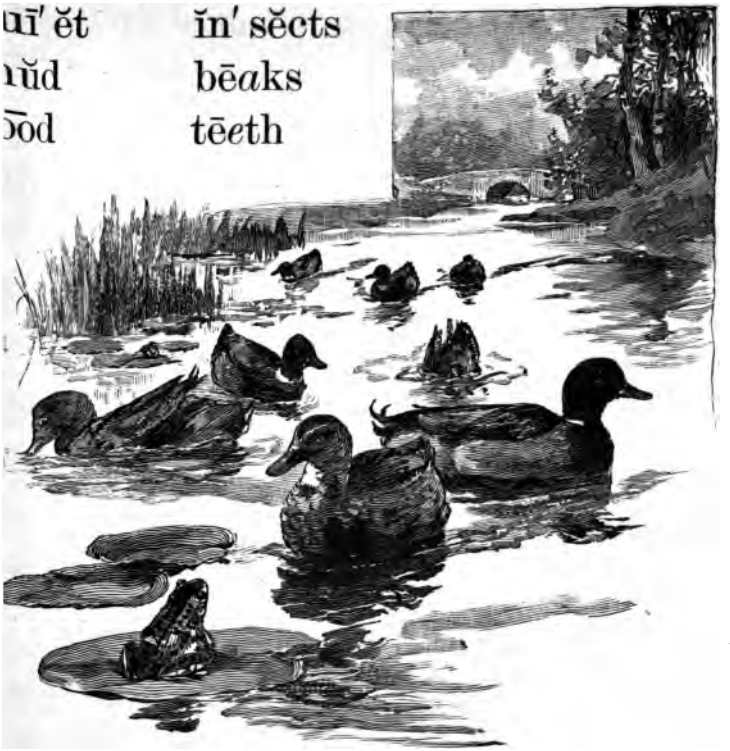
stōre çĕnts pẽr hăps′ fr
cärt Dāi″ s̱ў a̤l′ mōst

Daisy was going to the store to l
candy.
Papa had given her ten cents.
"I can buy candy for us all
with ten cents," she said.

"I wish Marion could have some.
She has been sick a long time.
Perhaps I shall see something to give
to her."
There was a cart in front of the store.
There were plants in the cart.
"Buy a plant, little girl," said the man.
"Here is a fine one for ten cents."
"Marion would like a plant," said
Daisy.
"She could watch it grow.
I think I will buy one for her.
Please give me one with some buds
on it.
I wish to give it to a little sick girl."
She took the plant and ran
to see Marion.
"See what I have brought,"
she said.

"Oh, how pretty it is! Thank
Daisy.
I shall like to watch it grow.
See the picture books Harry broug
me."
"Yes, he told me he had them
for you.
Are you better? We want you
to be well."
"Yes; I hope to be well soon.
I am going to ride to-morrow
with the doctor.
Everybody has been so good to me,
I am almost glad to be sick."

Do you know any sick people?
Can you make them happy?
Would you carry them some flowers?
It will make you happy if you do.



rs. Duck gave a party.
; was the first one of the summer.
ll the ducks in the barnyard were there.
hey had a swim up the river.

They found a quiet place.
"We will have our lunch here,"
said Mrs. Duck.
"There are many insects here.
This is a good place to find food."
Down into the mud she went,
head first.
Down into the mud the other ducks
went, too.
Then they came up again.
Ducks have large flat beaks.
They fill these beaks with mud.
There are insects in the mud.
There are little teeth at the side
of the duck's beak.
These keep the food in,
but let the muddy water run out.
What a good time the ducks had!
Some old frogs sat on the lily pads.

They watched the ducks swim about.
"What funny things ducks are!"
they said.
"How do you do, Mrs. Duck?"
said one.
"Do you live in the water
all the time?"
"No, indeed," said Mrs. Duck.
"Our home is up at the farm.
We have a house like people."
"Well! well! why do they make
a house for you?
They never make a house for us."
"We lay eggs for them,"
said Mrs. Duck.
"So do we lay eggs," said the frog.
"You lay your eggs in the water.
People do not care for them.
Our eggs are large and good to eat."

mī*gh*t	çĭt′ y̆	färm′ ẽr	ôr′ phạn̰s
rāk*e*	hā*y*	drīv*e*	wȯn′ dẽr fụl

James and Mary were poor children.
They had never seen the country.
They lived in a Home for orphans.

They used to wish that they might
go into the country.
Mr. Hill was a farmer who had
a pleasant home.
He wished some little children
could be there.
He sent to some people in the city.
He told them to send him
two poor children.
They sent Jimmie and Mary.
How happy the children were!
They ran about in the fields.
They picked berries and flowers.
They could help Mr. and Mrs. Hill
in many ways.
Jimmie learned to milk the cows.
Mary learned to skim the cream.
Jimmie could rake the hay.
Mary could rake the hay too.

The children used to ride
on the hay cart.
Mr. Hill let them drive the horse.
They liked to go for a drive.
They saw so many wonderful things
"What a beautiful world this is!"
they said.
"We never knew it was so wonderfu
before."
They are not going back to the Home
"We cannot let them go,"
said Mr. Hill.
"They shall stay and live with us.
Jimmie and Mary are very happy.

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world!
With the beautiful water round you curled
And the wonderful grass upon your breast.
World, you are beautifully dressed."

— *Open Sesame*

thôught
dĕad
strāngė

hōmė′ lў
sprĕad
flew
(ū)
chāngė

Freddie's mamma had told him that
caterpillars became butterflies.
He wanted to watch one change
for himself.
One day he found a caterpillar
in the garden.
He took it on a leaf to mamma.
She gave him a little box to keep it in.
Freddie gave it fresh leaves every day.
By and by the caterpillar stopped eating.
Freddie thought it would die.
Mamma said, "No, Freddie, it is going
to sleep.
When it wakes it will be a butterfly."
The caterpillar spun a web about itself.
It had a thick white covering.
It hung from one side of the box.
"It is dead, mamma!" said Freddie.

"It does not move nor eat."
"It is not dead," said mamma.
One day Freddie went to the box.
He saw a strange looking insect.
Its wings were not pretty and bright.
He called mamma to see it.
"It is your butterfly," said mamma.
"How strange and homely it is!"
said Freddie.
"I thought it would be a pretty butterfly."
Soon it began to move and spread out its wings.
The colors grew bright.
"Oh, how beautiful!" said Freddie.
It spread its wings and flew to the window.
Freddie opened the window and let it fly away.

"You see it was not dead," said mamma.
"The butterfly was there all the time.
It was like my lily.
I put the homely bulb into the ground.
A beautiful lily has come from it now."

A CHILD TO A ROSE.

Did it feel like dying,
When first your blossoms fell?
Did you know about the spring,
Did the daisies tell?
If you had no notion,
Only fear and doubt,
How I should have liked to see
When you found it out!
Such a beautiful surprise,
What must you have felt,
When your heart began to stir,
As the sun began to melt!

— *Open Sesame.*

[*To be* Read by the Teacher.]

wrīte	lĕt′ tẽr	pĕnṣ
gō͞os*e*	quĭl*l*	spĭl*l*e*d*

Mamma, Elsie, and baby went
to visit grandpa.
Poor papa could not go.
He had to stay at the store.
"What shall I do without you?"
said he.
"I will write you a letter," said Elsie.
"I will tell you what we are doing."

"Can you write a letter?" said pa
"Oh! yes, I can," said Elsie.
"I am seven years old.
You shall see that I can write a lett
Elsie had a very good time!
One day she said, "Grandma, ma
take a pen?
I wish to write to papa."
"Yes," said grandma, "there are
some pens on the desk."
Elsie ran to grandpa's desk.
"Oh, grandma! here is such
a funny pen."
"That is a quill pen," said grandı
"Grandpa made it for me.
It is made of a goose feather.
Every one used to write with quill per
"I think it is pretty," said Elsie.
"I don't think I will write with

She took a pen and went away
by herself.
By and by she went back to the desk.
What did she see there?
Baby had taken the quill pen.
She had been writing to papa.
Such a letter as she had written!
She had spilled the ink upon the desk.
"Oh, baby, baby! why did you do so?"
Mamma sent baby's letter to papa.
He said he was glad to have
both letters.

"I am old — so old I can write a letter,
My birthday lessons are done.
The lambs play always — they know no
better;
They are only one times one."

ELSIE'S LETTER TO PAPA.

Hillside, July 8th, 1897.

My dear Papa,

We are having a very good time here. Grandpa has a big gray horse. Sometimes he puts me on its back. It is such fun! I play out in the fields. Grandpa lets me ride on the hay. I pick berries for grandma. We have cream on our berries. I wish you were here with us. Baby has written you a letter. She took grandma's quill pen, and she spilled the ink. Can you read her letter? She says it is, "How do, papa? I love you."

Your loving little girl,

Elsie.

wōr*e* ā′ pron (pŭrn) ăn ȯth′ ẽr

A poor little girl went to school with Elsie.
Her dress was very old.

Her mamma could not buy her
a pretty dress.
Elsie had a new white apron.
She wore it to school one day.
Poor little May looked at her.
She wished she had a pretty apron.
When Elsie came home, she went
to mamma.
She said, "Mamma, may I give May
my apron?
Her dress is very old and poor.
She is a dear little girl.
Please let me give her my apron."
Her mamma said, "Yes, you may
if you wish;
I cannot make you another."
Elsie asked May to come home
with her.
She gave her the white apron.

Elsie's mamma put it on her.
Little May was very happy.
"Thank you, Elsie," she said.
"It will hide my old dress.
I never had so pretty an apron."
May wore the apron to school.
Elsie liked to see her wear it.
"I could not see it as well
when I wore it," she said.
"Now I can look at it as much as
I please."
She was never sorry that she gave it
to May.

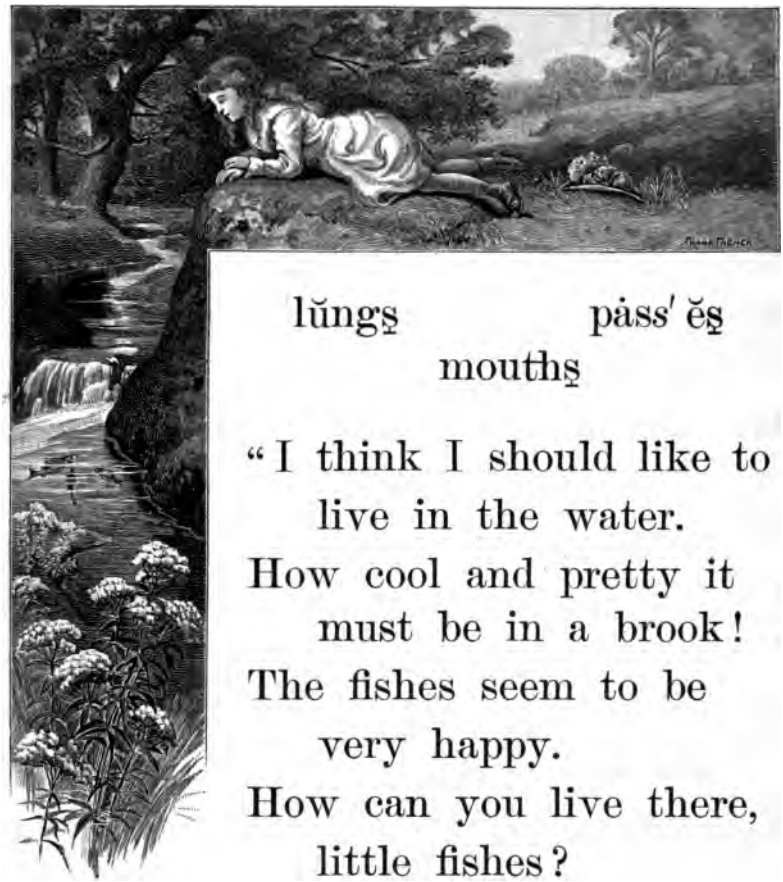
"Little things
On little wings
Bear little souls to Heaven."

Jūn*e*	ē*a*ch	wăg′ ȯn
ŭn′ dẽr	drōv*e*	chā*i*n

Daisy's birthday comes in June.
The field daisies come then too.
Daisy calls them her flowers.

"May I have a birthday party,
mamma?" said Daisy.
"You shall have a 'daisy party,'"
said mamma.
"The children shall play
in the daisy field.
They shall each have a daisy chain."
Ten children came to the party.
Daisy's papa put them
into the big wagon.
He drove over to the daisy fields.
Daisy looked like one of the flowers.
Her dress was white and her hair was
yellow.
All the children were very happy.
They picked as many daisies as they
could carry.
Mamma gave them some ice cream
and cake.

They ate under the trees.
The little birds looked down
upon them.
"We shall have a party when the
go," they said.
"See all the crumbs they are makir
Let us sing to them now."
A red squirrel was looking
at the children.
He was up in an oak tree.
Daisy saw him watching them.
"See that dear little squirrel," she sa
"He has come to my party.
Here is a little cake for him."

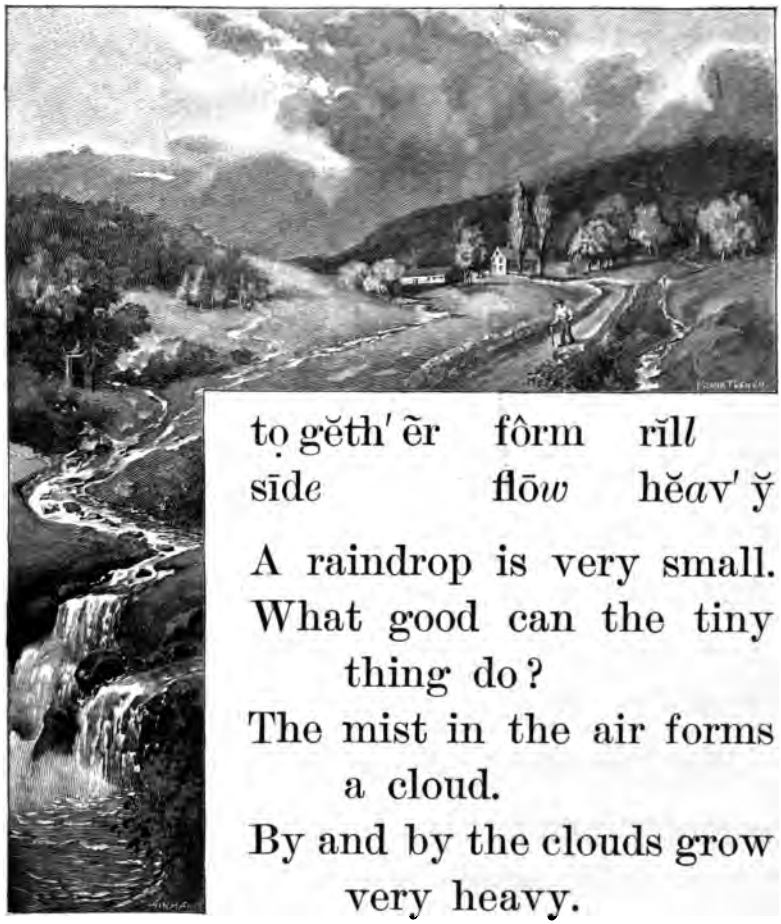


lŭngs pàss′ ĕs
mouths

"I think I should like to
live in the water.
How cool and pretty it
must be in a brook!
The fishes seem to be
very happy.
How can you live there,
little fishes?

I could not breathe in the water."
"You have lungs, little girl.
You breathe with your lungs.

We breathe with our gills.
The gills are on each side
of our heads.
There is some air in water.
We take the water into our mouths.
The water passes over our gills.
We breathe in this way.
We die when we are taken
from the water.
We cannot take air without water.
I am sorry for you, little girl.
I wish you could live in the water.
There are many beautiful things to see."
"I am glad to be a little girl.
I know it is beautiful in the water.
I like to look down into the brooks.
I like to look up at the hills
and the sky.
All the world is very wonderful."



to gĕth′ ẽr fôrm rĭll
sīde flōw hĕav′ y

A raindrop is very small.
What good can the tiny thing do?
The mist in the air forms a cloud.
By and by the clouds grow very heavy.

The rain begins to fall.
It falls upon the hills.
It forms a little rill.

The little rills run together.
They form a pretty brook.
The brooks run down the hillside.
They water the fields and the woods.
They flow into the rivers.
The rivers flow into the sea.

You are a very little boy or girl.
Can you do any good?
You can be bright and happy.
You can mind mamma and papa.
You can be kind to brother and sister.
That will help make the world better.

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above."

shĭv′ ẽr cȯv′ ẽr rōōts slĕpt

"We are very cold," said the violets.
"The wind makes us shiver."
"We will cover you over," said the trees.
They threw down some red
and yellow leaves.
"Let us go to sleep," said the violets.
"All the little plants are going to sleep."
By and by the white snow came.
It covered all the plants in the wood.
It kept their little roots warm.
The plants slept through the winter.
By and by the spring came.
"We must awake," said the plants.
"You go first, little mayflower."
So the mayflower peeped out first.
"The robins have come back," she said.
"We will come too," said the violets.

ŭg′ lў	spī′ dẽr	spĭn′ nĭng	wĕb
côrd	fäs′ *te*nş	whēe*l*	kĭl*l*

"Do you see that ugly spider?"
said Edith.
"Please come here and kill it, mamma."
"No, Edith," said mamma,
"let us watch the spider.
I think she is making her web.
She is spinning a cord now.
See her fasten it upon the window.
She carries it, and fastens it below.
She goes back again to make it strong.
Now she spins other cords across.
The web begins to look like a wheel.
Watch her carry the thread
around these cords.
Now her web is done.
She will sit in the middle of it.
Some insect will fly into the web."

mā′ ple săp pīne sȳr′ ŭp boiled

Farmer Hill came into the woods one day.
He hung pails upon the maple trees.
He made little holes so that the sap might run out.
He hung no pails upon the pine trees.
"Why should you have pails?"
they said to the maples.
"We are green all winter.
You have no leaves or blossoms.
Why should people give pails to you?"
"We have sweet sap," said the maples.

"It is beginning to creep up
into our buds.
This sap can be made into sugar.
We can give some of it away.
The sap is taken to the sugar house.
It is boiled until it is syrup.
The syrup is boiled until it is sugar.
The children like to eat the maple sugar.
We like to give it to them.
We can make our leaves by and by."
"They may have some of our sap,"
said the pine trees.
"We wish to make the children happy."
"They cannot make sugar of your sap.
You make the children glad
at Christmas time.
They take you home and put candles
upon you.
They cover you with beautiful things."

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.

A key to the symbols most of which are used in this Reader to indicate the pronunciation of the more difficult words.

I. VOWELS.

ā	as in	fāte	â	as in	câre	i̇	as in	i̇dea	o͞o	as in	fo͞od
ȧ	"	senȧte	ē	"	mēte	ĭ	"	ĭt	o͝o	"	fo͝ot
ă	"	făt	e̊	"	e̊vent	ī	"	sīr	ū	"	ūse
ä	"	ärm	ĕ	"	mĕt	ō	"	ōld	u̇	"	u̇nite
a̤	"	a̤ll	ē̤	"	hēr	o̊	"	o̊bey	ŭ	"	ŭp
ȧ̤	"	ȧ̤sk	ī̇	"	ī̇ce	ŏ	"	nŏt	û	"	fûr

II. EQUIVALENTS.

ą = ŏ	as in	whąt	ọ = o͝o	as in	wọlf	ụ = o͝o	as in	pụll
ê = â	"	thêre	ȯ = ŭ	"	sȯn	ȳ = ī	"	flȳ
ī̤ = ē	"	gī̤rl	ô = a̤	"	hôrse	y̆ = ĭ	"	babў̆
o̤ = o͞o	"	mo̤ve	u̇ = o͞o	"	ru̇le			

III. CONSONANTS.

Only the most difficult consonants in this Reader are marked with diacritical signs. The following table may prove useful to the teacher for reference and for blackboard work.

ç = s	as in	miçe	th (unmarked)	as in	thin
c or c (unmarked) = k	as in	cal̤l	ph = f	"	phantom
ch = k	as in	chro͞ol	s̱ = z	"	i̱s̱
ch (unmarked)	"	child	z (like s sonant)	"	zone
ġ like j	"	cāġe	qu (unmarked)	"	quite
g̅ (hard)	"	g̅ĕt	x̱ = gz	"	ex̱act
n̲ = ng	"	ĭn̲k	x (unmarked) = ks	"	vex
th̬	"	th̬ĕm			

Certain vowels, as *a* and *e*, when obscured and turned toward the neutral *sound, are marked thus*, ą, ę, etc. Silent letters are italicized.

WORD LIST.

THE following is an alphabetical list of the words used in this Reader. Words that have been used in the Primer are omitted.

This word list can be made the basis of a great variety of exercises in correct pronunciation, distinct enunciation, rapid spelling, language lessons, and review work.

ȧ bout′	ärmṣ	beâr
ȧ bȯve′	ȧ round′	beaū′ tĭ fụl
ȧ crŏss′	ăr′ rȯwṣ	bēeṣ
ȧ frāid′	ăṣ	bė̇ fōre′
ȧ gain′ (ĕ)	ȧsked	bė̇ găn′
âir	āte	bė̇ gĭn′
ạl′ mōst	äunt	bė̇ gĭn′ nĭng
ȧ lōne′		bė̇ lōw′
ạl′ wăys	băd	bĕr′ rĭeṣ
ȧ mȯng′	bạlls	bė̇ sīde′
ăn	bärn′ yärd	bĕst
ăn ȯth′ ẽr	bāth′ ĭng	bĕt′ tẽr
an′ ў whêre (ĕ)	bēach	bĭll
ā′ pron (pŭrn)	bēaks	bĭrd′ ĭeṣ

bĭt
bīte
blăck
blŏs′ soms̱
blōw
blūe
bōard
bŏb′ ŏ lĭṉk
boiled
bōth
bōw
boys̱
brĕad
brĕast
brēathe
brēez′ ĕs̱
brīght
brĭng
brŏŏk
brȯth′ ẽr
brôught
brown
bŭb′ bles̱
bŭds̱
bŭgs̱
bŭild
bŭlb
bŭn′ nў
bū′ reau (rō)
bûrn
bus̱h′ ĕs̱
bŭt′ tẽr
bŭt′ tẽr flў
bŭt′ ton
buў
bў

cāge
călf
cal̨l
cāme
căn′ dle
căn′ dў
cär
câre
căr′ rĭage
căr′ rĭes̱
căr′ rў
cȧst
căt′ bĭrd
căt′-tāil
cal̨ught
çĕnts
chāins̱
chām′ bẽr
chānge
chēek
chĭck′ ĕn
chĭl′ drĕn
çĭt′ ў
clōse
clōthes̱
cloud
clō′ vẽr
clŭck
cōat
cȯl′ o̱r
cŏŏk
cōōl
côrd
co̱ld
coŭn′ trў
cȯv′ ẽr
cȯv′ ẽr ĭng
cō′ zў

crēam
crēep
crŭmb
cûrled

dànçed
därk
dāy
dĕad
dēed
dēep
dĕsk
dew (ū)
dīe
dĭsh
dŏc′ tor
dòes (ez)
dọ′ ĭng
dŏl′ lў
dòne
dŏn′ keў
doubt
drĕssed
drīve
drŏp

drōve
drowned
dŭck
dŭll
dŭst
dŭst′ păn
dў′ ĭng

ēach
ẽarth
ēats
ĕlm
ĕn′ gĭne
ĕv′ ẽr
ĕv′ ẽr ў
ĕv′ ẽr ў bŏd ў
eyes (īz)

fāçe
fâir′ ĭes
fâir′ ў
fạll
fär
färm′ ẽr
fàst

fàs′ tens
făt
fä′ thẽr
fēar
fēel
fēel′ ẽrs
fĕll
fĕlt
fĕnçe
fĭll
fīne
fīre
fīre′ flў
fĭrst
fĭsh
fĭsh′ ẽr mạn
flākes
flăt
flew (ū)
flīes
flŏw
flow′ ẽr ĕt
fŏnd
fōōd
fôrm

fôr′ tў
frĕsh
frĕsh′ nĕss
frīght′ en
frŏg
frŏm
frȯnt
frŏst
fru̱it
fu̱ll
fŭn′ nў

găn′ dẽr
găth′ ẽr
gāy
gāy′ lў
gĕt
gĭll̤s̤
gĭrl̤s̤
gĭv′ en
gōe̱s̤
gōld′ en-rŏd
gōōs′ eў
grȧss
grāy

greāt
grēen
grew
ground
grōw
guĕss

hâir
hănd̤s̤
hănd′ sȯme
hăng
hăp′ pў
härd
hătched
hāy
hāy cärt
hĕad
hẽard
heärt
hĕav′ en
hĕav′ ў
hẽr sĕlf′
hīde
hīgh
hĭll′ sīde

hĭm
hīve̱s̤
hōld̤s̤
hōle̱s̤
hōme
hōme′ lў
hȯn′ eў
hŏp
hôrse′ cär
hŏs′ pĭ ta̱l
hŏt
how
hŭm′ mĭng-bīrd
hŭng

īçe crēam
ĭn dēed′
ĭn′ dĭ gō
ĭn′ sĕct
ĭts
ĭt sĕlf′

joy
jŭmped
jŭst

kẽr′ nĕlṣ
kĭl*l*
kīnd
kīnd′ nĕs*s*
kĭs*s*
*k*new
(ū)
*k*nīf*e*

lā′ dў
lāk*e*
lăm*b*ṣ
lăn′ tẽrnṣ
lăp
lärġ*e*
làst
lā*y*
lē*a*f
lē*a*rn
lē*a*rn*e*d
lē*a*v*e*ṣ
lĕgṣ
lĕs′ son*s*
lĕt′ tẽr
līght′ hous*e*
līghts
līk*e*d
lĭv*e*ṣ
lŏṇ′ ḡĕr
lo͝ok*e*d
lo͝ok′ ĭng
lọṣ*e*
loud
lȯv*e*d
lȯv*e*′ lў
lō*w*′ ẽr
lŭnch
lŭngṣ

māk*e*
māk′ ĭng
măn
man′ ў
(ē)
mā′ pl*e*
mär′ bleṣ
măt′ tẽr
mĕ*a*d′ ŏwṣ
mē*a*ts
mēe*t*
mĕlt
mĭd′ dl*e*
mīght
mīn*e*
mōr*e*
môrn′ ĭng
môrn′ ĭng-glō′ rĭeṣ
mŏs*s*
mȯth′ ẽr
mouth
mọv*e*
mŭch
mŭd
mŭd′ dў
mŭst

nē*a*r
nēed
nĕv′ ẽr
new
(ū)
nĕxt
nôr
nôrth
nȯth′ ĭng
nō′ tiȯn
(sh)
now
nŭt trē*e*

ōak
ŏf*f*
ōld
ōn′ lў
ō′ pen
ôr′ anġe
ôr′ phan
ō′ vĕr
ōwn

păck′ ăġe
păds
păp pōōse′
pär′ lor
pȧss
păt
pȧth
pēaçe
pēeps
pĕn′ nў
pĕns
pēo′ ple
pĕr hăps′
pĕt
pĭcked

pĭc′ tūres
pīes
pīne
pĭnk
pīpe
plȧnt
plāte
plāyed
plāy′ ĭng
plāy′ māte
plĕas′ ant
plēased
pŏck′ ĕt
pŏl′ lĕn
pō′ nў
pōōl
pŏp côrn
pŏp*p*ed
prĕs′ ents
pret′ tĭ ĕst

quī′ ĕt
quĭl*l*

răb′ bĭt
rāin′ bōw

rāin′ drŏps
rāin*e*d
rāis′ ĕs
rāke
răn
rāy
rēach
rēach′ ĕs
rĕd
rīçe
rīçe′ bĭrd
rīçe fiēld
rĭl*l*
rīpe
rĭv′ ĕr
rōl*l*ed
rōōts
round
rōw
rōw′ bōat

sāil
sănd
săp
sāy

scrăt*ch*ed
sē*a*
sē*a*′ mŏs*s* ĕ*s*
sē*a*′ shōr*e*
sē*a*′ ûr chĭn
sĕc′ ȯnd
sē*e*m
sē*e*n
sĕl*l*s
sĕnd
sĕnt
shĕl*l*s
shīn*e*
shĭv′ ẽr
shōōt
sho*u*l*d*
shō*we*d
shōw*s*
sīd*e*
sĭlk
sĭs′ tẽr
sĭt
skĭm
skĭn*s*
skȳ
slĕpt
slīd*e*
sma*l*l
smīle*s*
snō*w* bîrd*s*
snō*w*′ flāke*s*
snō*w*′ ĭng
sŏft
sȯme′ thĭng
sȯme′ tīme*s*
sŏng
sōr′ rў
sō*u*l*s*
spī′ dĕr
spĭl*l*ed
spĭn′ nĭng
spĭn*s*
sprĕ*a*d
sprĭng
squa*w*
stâ*i*r*s*
stănd
stär′ fĭsh
stā*y*
stĭck
stĭng
stîr
stōōd
stōne*s*
stŏp
stōr*e*
strānġ*e*
strēe*t*
strŏng
(sh) sug′ ar
sŭm′ mẽr
sŭn
sŭn′ bē*a*m*s*
sŭn′ lī*gh*t
sŭn′ shīn*e*
(sh) su*r*e′ lў
sûr prīse′
swēe*t*
swĭm′ mĭng
swĭng
sўr′ ŭp

tăd′ pōl*e*
tā*i*l
tāk′ *en*

tą*l*k
tē*a*ch
tē*a*ṣe
tē*e*th
tĕ*ll*
thê*i*r
thĕm
thê*re*
thĭck
thĭngṣ
thĭs
thĭs′ *tle* bŭdṣ
thĭs′ *tle*ṣ
thōṣe
thō*ugh*
thô*ugh*t
thrĕ*a*d
threw (ų)
thro*ų*gh
thrō*w*
tīmeṣ
tī′ nў
ṭo gĕth′ ĕr
tōld
ṭo-mŏr′ rŏw

tōō
tŏŏk
to*ŭ*ch
trē*e* tŏps
trŭnk
trȳ
t*w*ọ

ŭg′ lў
ŭn′ cl*e*
ŭn′ dĕr
ŭn tĭl′
ŭp′ pĕr
ûr′ chĭnṣ
ūṣed

vĕr′ ў
vī′ ȯ lĕts
vĭṣ′ ĭt

wād*e*
wăg′ ȯn
wāk*e*d
wāk*e*s
wą*l*k′ ĭng
wą*ll*

wąn′ dĕr
wąnts
wąrm
wą*t*ch
wą*t*ch′ ĕṣ
wāv*e*d
wāv*e*ṣ
wăx
wā*y*
wē*a*v*e*
wĕb
wĕb fē*e*t
wĕl′ cȯm*e*
wĕl*l*
wĕnt
wē*re*
wĕst
whē*e*l
wīd*e*
wīf*e*
wĭg′ wąm
wĭnd
wĭn′ dŏ*w*
wĭn′ tĕr
wĭsh*ed*

wĭsh′ čs̱
wȯn′ dĕr fu̱l
word(ů)s̱
wōre
work(ů)

world(ů)
worm(ů)s̱
wōrn
wou̱ld
*wr*īte

*wr*ĭt′ *te*n

yärd
yē*ar*s̱
yĕl′ lō*w*

Proper Names.

Chär′ lĭe
Chrĭs*t*′ ma̱s

Ē′ den
Ē′ dĭth
Ĕl′ sĭe

Făn′ nĭe
Frĕd′ dĭe

Hăl
Hăr′ rў
Hăt′ tĭe
Hĕl′ ĕn

Ĭn′ dĭ a̱n

Jāme̱s
Jĕs′ sĭe
Jĭm′ mў

Jū lў′
Jūne

Mā′ bĕl
Măr′ ĭ ŏn
Mā′ rў
Mŏl′ lў

Săt′ ŭr dā*y*

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